ED Preface to Queen’s Garden Rewrite

Someone else is getting married! My ears immediately perk up, and I rush off to find the happy couple, hoping to be asked an important question.

Sarah Harden (soon to be LaMonthe): Well hello Eva! How would you like to be the flower girl for our wedding?

Eva: Oh really? Me? I’d love to!

That’s my seven year old self trying to play it off cool. Of course, being the only young girl at my church, I would have been asked eventually, but in my eyes, it was so much more exciting to barge my way through the line of well-wishers and dance around the lovers, waiting to hear the inevitable words “will you be our flower girl?”

Well, a few months later, I was indeed their flower girl. In fact, I was the flower girl for most of the young couples who got married at my church. I would gracefully scatter rose petals for the brides to walk on, then dance all night at the receptions, so pleased because I got to be a part of my friends’ special day.

“It’s like trying to keep a balloon under water,” my mother would say, “you can do it, but it requires constant attention.” She said this of course in reference to me as she watched her only child bound around the ballroom and spin in endless, dizzying circles.

Years passed, and Sarah had four girls while I continued to dance around a ballroom, now with a partner, and spin across the floor, now the floor of a stage. I teach her two oldest girls ballet and am constantly amazed by their limitless energy and curiosity. They keep me on my toes in class and run up to me whenever they see me just so they can demonstrate the new move they've come up with. I leave ballet class tired but content as I see my wild students blossoming into young ballerinas.

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